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upon him all celestial gifts. He was great as sculptor, painter, and engineer; he excelled in science, literature, and music. He played the lyre divinely and married the songs he improvised to its melody. The splendid genius of his life left little room in the record of his history for romance, of which he must in all reason have had a taste. He died at sixty-seven in the arms of François I.

Guido Reni, who painted "Aurora," that very spirit of morning, was so finely formed and had so beautiful a face, that Louis Carracci took him as a model for his angels. But this radiant Reni, who had such a spirit for art that he aroused the wildest jealousy, who was charming as he was modest, beloved by all, courted by nobles and princes, died at sixty-seven, in misery and forgetfulness. He never married, but was of irreproachable character until at the last, when he yielded to the passion of gambling.

Of the Carraccis, Annibal, Augustin, and François were sons of a Bolognese tailor. None of them married. Annibal was very simple in manner, an enemy of show, and shunned society; he died at forty-nine. Augustin was inconstant in character, and quarrelled with Annibal, of whom he was jealous. He died at forty-eight in a Capuchin convent, leaving a natural son, for whom his brother Annibal provided during the short time he survived him. François, the younger, was chiefly known as an ungrateful creature, and died young from an excess of dissipation. Louis Carracci, their cousin, was the son of a butcher. He had a beautiful and obliging character and was the soul of generosity. He died at sixty-four, unmarried, having expended all his love upon his pupils, to whom he was devotedly attached.

Correggio's life has been as much a subject of dispute as his pictures. According to some writers he was of low birth and burdened with an expensive family; others believe that he was well-born and far from being poor. The last opinion is based upon the fact that he painted aristocratically and upon costly materials. He died, however, from carrying home on foot the proceeds of the sale of a picture, which were in copper coins. He married at twenty-five Girolama Merlini, who, being his model, must have spent her life in an attitude, as Correggio left more than twenty paintings of "Virgins," and died at forty. All his figures of women have something divine, and all his figures of children are portraits of Loves. Even in his scenes of voluptuousness, he has mingled a celestial grace which warns the senses not to misinterpret.

Salvator Rosa, who was poet as well as painter, died at fifty-eight, and was married on his death-bed. The bride was his mistress, servant, and model, and had borne him several children. She was a Florentine and bore the fatal name of Lucretia. The repugnance he had to the marriage was extreme, and was only acceded to in obedience to his priest's command. His last moments of remorse and disgust were attended by his friends, who endeavored to inspire him with fortitude, and he died saying, that God would never damn a man of his genius, which was alone a gauge of his salvation!

Perugino, who had the twelve-year-old Raphael for his pupil, was the son of a poor peasant, so very poor that, when he went to seek his fortune at Florence, he had for months no better bed to sleep on than an old chest. But he was born a painter, and had little need of luxury, for he painted night-time and day-time with an ardor that knew no limit. His early privations engendered within him an avarice that but one thing surmounted: his love for his wife. She was a girl of great beauty, and, although Perugino was so miserably that he carried all his valuables about his person, he would buy the most sumptuous fabrics and with his own hand adorn her, when his admiration would be most extravagant. They had several children, and to their charming young heads and the maturer and richer beauty of the mother, Perugino's pictures owe much of their graceful and elegant distinction.

Paul Veronese lived fifty-eight years. No Italian painter left a brighter record than he. The only excess of his life consisted in the purchase of magnificent *dotties*, for the draping of his models. He was honorable, high-minded, sincere, unselfish, and of great piety. He painted with astonishing rapidity, and loved all the pomp of art, of architecture, of princely accessories. His prodigious activity enabled him to maintain his family handsomely, a family of which no member won any special distinction. He had a son who had a mediocre talent for sculpture, but he died at twenty-six.

Poor Andrea del Sarto, who was as happy in genius as he was miserable in love, was the son of a tailor. While still an enthusiastic young painter in Florence, he had for a model Lucrezia del Fen, the wife of a hosier, who was more remarkable for her beauty than her virtues. Upon the death of her husband, which seems to have been very opportune, Andrea married her, and for him trouble began; she was so insolent and exigent that his pupils found it impossible to remain with him. Andrea, who was always madly in love with her, was tortured by jealousy. Her demands robbed him of golden opportunities, both for wealth and fame, and yet, when he fell ill from an infectious malady, he was abandoned at the last by this woman for whom he had sacrificed peace and honor, and died

alone, at the early age of forty-two. One cannot but wonder that out of such life blossomed such glorious pictures—Lucrezia transformed into saintly "Virgins" and divine Madonnas, of an execution so *naïve*, so true, so refined, and of such noble serenity, that they won for him the title of "faultless."

Palma, the younger, was so avaricious of his time that, although he indulged in the extravagance of a wedding moment, he never found leisure afterwards to bury his wife. This marital duty he entrusted to his friends, who found him, upon their return from the burial, busy at his easel, "I hope," cried the painter to the women, "that you ornamented my wife well with ribands and flowers!"

MARY W.

ART IN RUSSIA.

II.

IN every house in Russia, in every *isba* or peasant's cot, in every café or restaurant, and in frequent roadside shrines, we are forcibly reminded of Byzantine art. The "Obraz," or sacred image of the Mother of God, *Bogoroditsa*, of some patron saint, or more rarely of the Saviour, is everywhere to be seen with its lamp before it, to be lit on feasts, or when any special favor is sought from Heaven by those who cannot afford oil to keep it always burning. This picture is invariably saluted with reverence by all who pass it, or enter or leave the apartment where it may be. It consists of a plate of metal, generally gilt and chased or *repoussé*, and often most richly adorned with precious stones. In this plate openings are cut for the face and hands of the figure, which are painted on wood or canvas, and placed behind. The rays emanating from the head of the saint or Madonna are engraved with a faultless precision which is striking, until one knows that it is effected by a curious machine devised for the purpose, and which, too, is typical of the stereotyped and mechanical character of this ecclesiastical art. The description of one of these pictures of saints, with its carapace of gold, will serve for all. The iconostasis, or screen before the sanctuary, is usually covered with them, and they are often enriched with precious stones to an incredible value.

Remarkable, also, in the churches, is a striving after a rich golden effect, a cardinal feature of the Byzantine style, introduced in the first centuries of the Christian era from Persia, and still easily recognizable, for instance, in St. Mark's, Venice, and in the gold backgrounds of mediæval miniatures. This effect is often increased and mellowed by subdued daylight and the copious clusters of burning tapers. The elaborateness and enormous value of the ecclesiastical vessels, ornaments, and vestments, and other offerings preserved at the Troitza and in the Kremlin, are truly marvellous. It is as though it were sought, by a barbaric and undoubtedly, also, an impressive splendor, to compensate for the lack of that higher and nobler beauty of art which was developed under the wing of Latin Christianity, but which in the East never rose from the shock of early iconoclasm, and was stunted and petrified by hieratic prescriptions. To this day no statues are allowed, and, with exception of the images outside the Cathedral of St. Isaac at St. Petersburg, the only ecclesiastical sculptures that may be seen are a few bas-reliefs here and there.

It must not be supposed, however, that dogmatic restriction has been able to kill Russian national art, though it may have seriously retarded its advance and narrowed its scope. The buildings in the Kremlin and many of the churches are evidences of the contrary. If Russia was less open to the influence of the classic Renaissance than the other countries of Europe, its chief energies being then absorbed in consolidation and development, the romantic or national revival was, perhaps, all the stronger.

Poushkin led the way in poetry, and was followed by a revulsion of feeling from the exotic culture derived from France and Germany, and favored by Peter the Great and Catharine, to more genuine national feeling and tradition, a tendency which, in European nations, has been a marked and growing feature of the present century. The bypaths of Russian history and archæology have begun to be explored; national song, and poetry, and costume have been revived; legend and folk-lore have been studied. The disappearance of broader distinctions between national styles of art is undoubtedly a necessary consequence of modern civilization and its cosmopolitan tendencies, and if Russia cannot claim a truly national school of painting, she can point to some native painters of distinction and originality. Bruloff's canvas of "The Last Supper," in the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, is singularly original in treatment.

The seascapes of Aiasovsky are known far beyond the limits of the artist's country. We may, perhaps, say that one of the distinctive characteristics of modern schools of painting should be looked for in climatic and atmospheric effect, and in this respect Russia offers marked features.

H. W.